Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, October 12, 1916 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

HE THAT INHABITETH ETERNITY.

Who does not feel how weak
Are all our words to speak
Of him, the Infinite,—
Below all depth, above all height!
Yet hath no other speech
To me such wondrous reach
As this the prophet saith: that he
Inhabiteth Eternity!

We dwell in Time: our ear
Is deafened by things near;
Darkly we see, and know
Only in part, also.
From troubles that annoy
Plucking no future joy,
Sweetening failure's bitterness
With no deferred but sure success,—
As if the passing hour were all,
With it we rise and fall:
The while that he
Inhabiteth Eternity!

Patient and suffering long
With man's mistakes and wrong;
Seeing how all threads come
In place in Time's vast loom,
And in the finished web fulfil
The pattern of his perfect will;
To whom as one is seen
What is, will be, hath been,—
Tranquil and lifted clear
Above our fevered atmosphere,
Forever dwelleth he
In the sure strength of his Eternity!

O Father of my life,
Give me, amid its strife,
To bear within my breast
The secret of thy rest,—
The river of thy peace within,
Whose banks are always fresh and green;
Give me, while here in Time to be,
Also to dwell with thee in thine Eternity.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer*

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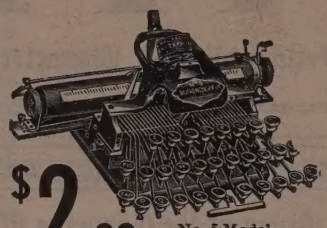

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916. Number 6

MY COUNTRY.

Every youth
That cherishes a masterful design,
And every girl that blossoms to a home
In all these borders, forms a sovereign state
Confederate of my country. Not a fire
Burning upon a pure and happy hearth,
But shakes her banner forth. Wheretrue men fare
Brave and contented to their daily toil,
There march her armies. Where the favored ship
Bears such a true man to a foreign shore,
My country goes abroad. Whene'er a home
In all her wide estate is magnified
By the sweet baby-promise of a man,
My country is enlarged; and where two friends,
Drawn close to one another by the ties
Of love and helpfulness, strike hand with hand,
My country gains a strength; yes, whensoe'er
The lonely heart most humble of them all
Achieves the smallest deed of kindliness,
My country wins a grace.

There is a bond
Encircling us that know a common sun;
It is my country's arm. There is a light
Flashed on a face when freedom's name is heard;
That light was born within my country's eyes.
And these are sacred thoughts of God and man,
Of reverence and justice, pulsing far
Upon our mountains and along our plains;
And where they run, there flows my country's blood.

—*Amos R. Wells*

In Christian Endeavor World

The Retail Liquor Dealers' Association of St. Louis is out for a campaign against peddlers who sell bottled beer and liquors without paying a license of $900 a year. Another case where battle lines are obliterated and the belligerents are working together.

The Public is encouraged over the self-restraint practiced by Greece. It says:

> Though they have risen in revolt, and have in many places set up a provisional government, they have not attacked the constituted authorities. And, what is still stranger, the government has not attacked them. When has such an experience been endured by a country without some foolish person in authority resorting to the popular pastime of blood-letting?

In 1915 8,784,742 dollars' worth of alcohol was exported, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, to be used in the manufacture of high explosives. Another horrible by-product of that neutrality that permits a government to boast of white hands while its citizens' hands are immersed in gore up to the elbow; all for trade, while they are confessedly indifferent as to what guns will throw the cruel shell. Whether the gun be pointed by Teuton or Briton is all the same to a certain class of American patriot who chuckles over the unparalleled prosperity of our ccountry.

The message of George Fox is an irresistible one; it works slowly but it works surely. The "Friends" represent religion at work and are equal to any emergency. At their recent meeting in Philadelphia they spoke the word of wisdom, as usual, concerning the Mexican trouble. They remind us that these occasional depredations of outlaw bands are no occasions for international war. They plead, as quoted in the *Christian Century*, for

> A force of educators, teachers, doctors, sanitary engineers, farmers and agricultural experts for two or three years in the spirit of service such as we rendered Cuba at her time of crisis.

From the same paper we clip the following:

> The Society of Friends in England have issued a public manifesto protesting against the war. They call on the nation to "give up the whole idea of defending their rights as Christ stood defenceless in the midst of possible enemies." They declare that "this plan would turn enemies into friends—a much better plan than defeating them."

Dr. McClure, President of the McCormick (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary, in the *Continent* for October 5, dares look behind the battle reports and beyond the trenches as he discusses "The Culture of the Soul of the Nation," wherein he says:

> This world can never be again what it has been, because somehow a great body of silent men are thinking more deeply, more humbly, too, about the real meaning of idealism for their country and for their country's relation to every other country than at any time in their lives. They know that an ideal to be worthy of the name of ideal must be something still unattained, and must be difficult of attainment. It must demand advance, a great advance, an advance against almost insuperable obstacles. "The culture of the soul of a nation" is not an entirely new phrase; but it has a new idealism, an idealism that is not confined to mere interior conditions, but that pertains as well to beneficences that lie beyond itself. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in the truth" becomes the motto of the nation as well as of the individual.
>
> * * * *
>
> We are being called to see the hideousness of selfishness as never before; and we do see that hideousness because it is on such a titanic scale, and because we have become so sensitive (that is the wonder of the situation) to it. We see too the folly of hate, and of individual and of national hate, as never before. How many, many things that we once viewed with complacency now seem to us the embodiment of folly! The absurdity of unsanctified national ambition is a new and a constantly growing belief.

According to the *Saturday Evening Post*, seven million of the seven and a half million population of Bel-

gium before the war still remain and, so far as the conditions of war permit, are doing business at the old stand in the old way. The paper says: "Negatively Germany can do anything she pleases with Belgium, positively apparently she can do very little." Spite of all the desolation there is still much left in devastated Europe. There will be enough left to begin business with when the cruel war is over. There is a grim satisfaction in the reflection of how imbecile these big powers are. The Central Powers, with all their scientific efficiency, have only scratched the map of France, and so the Allies, with all their navies, have been unable to silence the Teuton guns or obliterate German boundaries. The nations can go on with their killing indefinitely, but at the end of it will only prove their imbecility. The England of Shakespeare, Wilberforce and John Bright will abide, and the Germany of Goethe, of Kant and of Luther will survive all the assaults of all the Powers.

"Cease Firing! O ye foolish nations!"

You are not so bad as you are silly. Carlyle's dictum that "All knaves are round about fools" is as applicable to nations as to individuals, it is a contribution to international statesmanship.

Dr. DuBois has issued through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (70 Fifth Avenue, New York) a four-page leaflet entitled, "A Half Century of Freedom," packed full of facts and figures. It reads like a romance. In 1863 four million people were released from slavery who up to that time were bought and sold, forbidden to learn to read or write and legally could neither hold property nor marry. Ninety per cent of them were totally illiterate. In 1913, fifty years later, there were ten and a quarter million of negro descendants, the freed men and their children, earning a living as free men, to a degree sharing the responsibility of government, developing internal organizations and finding self-expression for their spiritual natures. In 1910 they had become possessed of eighteen million acres of land. The total wealth of the colored people today is estimated at five hundred and seventy million dollars. Nine thousand offices in the executive service of the nation are occupied by negroes; perhaps ten thousand more in state and municipal service. Four colored regiments are in the regular army, and they, to use the words of Dr. DuBois, "furnish 500,000 of the votes which rule the Union." There are 35,000 church edifices supported by seven and a half million dollars annually. There are two hundred private schools and colleges. Five million dollars a year are raised by negro secret and beneficiary societies. There are sixty old folks homes and orphanages, thirty hospitals and five hundred cemeteries. They have two hundred papers and periodicals, two-thirds of the colored people can read and write and they have made for themselves places as poets, artists and orators. Surely this is a wonderful transformation. This leaflet can be obtained for two cents. Send for it by the hundreds and distribute them among those who still spell negro with two g's and are swayed by ante-bellum prejudices, victimized and crippled by the cruel traditions of an outgrown age.

Our Congregational Friends are girding themselves for a great Tercentenary to celebrate in 1920 the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth Rock. Of course it is an opportunity for the raising of funds to promote worthy missionary schemes, but here is a higher opportunity than the creation of funds. James A. Blaisdell, President of Pomona College, California., says in the *Congregationalist*:

> No larger result of the Tercentenary may be anticipated than the arousal of college students to high service by this inspiring vision of splendid undertakings. In turn may the program include and assure the adequate resourcing of those educational enterprises which beyond question have so richly supplied Christian leadership to our beloved communion.

President Silas Evans of Ripon College, in the same connection, says:

> Never in the history of the world should the Tercentenary program mean as much as it will now. We all need to face the world of the future and our attitude toward that world as Christians.

President King of Oberlin puts in his plea:

> The college life itself, I believe, should be more thoroughly and more consistently democratized at many points. And college students should be permeated with the social consciousness, and given the vision of a far truer and finer democracy than the nation has yet achieved, and undying enthusiasm for that democracy. The need of "ministers, missionaries and parish assistants," too, must manifestly be brought home to our college men and women first of all. It can be shown that the opportunity for spiritual leadership is large and growing; and for Congregationalists to give up the determination to have a thoroughly educated leadership would be an unpardonable reversal of their history and traditions. No item in the entire Tercentenary program is more vital than this solid resolve to give the ministry its true place of honor and power.

This movement as yet seems to be a denominational movement; but Congregationalism, certainly on its orthodox side, can claim no monopoly upon Plymouth Rock. New England Congregationalism centuries ago bloomed into Unitarianism and Universalism, which have always been Congregational in its purest and most aggressive form. But all these have no monopoly upon Plymouth Rock. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the rarest blossom of Puritanism, and the Free Religious Association, the Congress of Religion, and the new Catholicism that is springing up everywhere, escaping from the bonds of sect and the traditions of creed, are to be reckoned with when the true Tercentenary of Plymouth Rock is to be celebrated.

Something Better Than Industrial War

The crippling and blighting work of the military spirit is not confined to battlefields. The pacific principles, that would put an end to war among nations, urgently demand that they should be applied to the equally bitter and almost equally cruel industrial battles, ever imminent and always active in the United States as well as Europe. "Strikes" and "lockouts" are but forms of war modified in the twentieth century. The belligerency here, as on the fields of Mars, hardens hearts, confuses judgments and renders the victims thereof incapable of reasonable and just discriminations. The present writer is alive to the cause of the working people and the tyranny of selfish capital. He is well aware of the power of the argument that pleads the grim alternative, "Nothing else to do!" etc. All these arguments hold in matters of international strife. No Power in Europe but argues this same grim alternative and justifies its belligerency by "Under the circumstances!" and "This time emergency!"

But there is another way! A better way must be found and the present moment is the auspicious time to seek it. The antagonisms between employer and employe is not as fundamental as the industrial belligerents assume. It is not as profound as it seems. Tremendous strides are being made toward the higher synthesis that recognizes the common interests of capital and labor; employers are not universally hard and employes need not always go armed and booted for the fight.

The action of Henry Ford in understanding the need of his employes and anticipating their demands is not so unique a position today as it was when he first began to "put himself in their place." Two startling things have occurred in Chicago the last week: The united forces of "Packingtown" have advanced the wages of all their employes from two cents an hour upward, without the asking. We understand that this action is taken by all the great packing firms and will extend to all their centers of activity. The needle industries, which represent many thousand employes, at the same time have of their own volition reduced the hours of labor without reducing wages. A few months ago these same great garment makers were engaged in a bitter war with their employes over these very demands. Then they stood on the ultimatum of Lloyd George, boldly declaring that nothing but a "complete knock-out" would solve the question.

The "something better" is not going to wait for the millenium. Public opinion, expressed through laws, is bringing it about more rapidly than we can realize. The politicians may succeed in making a political issue of President Wilson's eight-hour day; they may succeed in proving to many that it was a "campaign movement;" but all the same it was a shot that is "being heard around the world." The British Trades Union Congress has just declared a universal eight-hour day campaign.

Voluntary arbitration has been simply a technical maneuver on the industrial battlefield, to the strongly pressed a last resort. Now it is the laborer who humbly begs arbitration, anon it is the employer that consents to an arbitration. Soon it is to come a necessary step by state and federal enactment. It will then mean simply a process to adjust differences, as courts now settle the differences between individuals. Any individual can lay his case before a competent court and the other party is compelled to appear, argue his case and abide by the decision. Compulsory arbitration is simply a court of equity to decide disputes between corporate entities indicating the way of securing a court competent to decide on questions so complex and so much outside of statute books as to be beyond the adjudication of existing courts.

The true pacifist of today recognizes strikes as another method of warfare to be outgrown, even as the horrors of the battlefield, with their wretched entails, are to be left behind.

Historic Vandalism

The following correspondence will explain itself. The present writer remembers when Wells Street of Chicago, a noble avenue, wide and straight, passing through what has since become the Loop District, was allowed to sink into a Red Light territory. The real estate interests undertook to escape the scandal by changing the name rather than by renovating the life on that street, so they attached the ambitious name "Fifth Avenue" to the street south of the river. The exigencies of a great city needed that street for great commercial activities, and spite of the listless name it has become a great thoroughfare of trade.

But instead of the better sense that we have waited for when the hero-name would be restored, the movement indicated below has been set afoot; trying to lift the street north of the river into more prosperity by change of name. We leave, for the present, the letters to tell the story up to date. The protest has been received by the Common Council and an acknowledgment of the same has appeared in the public press. Our readers will be interested in the sequel. Meanwhile, how many of our readers know why the names of Clark and Wells were given to the great north and south streets running through the business and resident portions of Chicago?

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

September 30, 1916.

To the Mayor and Aldermen
of the Chicago City Council,
City Hall, Chicago.

Gentlemen:

I learn from the papers that you are about to receive a petition from interested land owners and business men to change the name of North Wells Street to "North Fifth Avenue," on the score that by so doing real estate values will be increased 25 per cent.

In the interest of historic justice and the fame of Chicago intelligence, and on behalf of coming generations, I wish to make my personal protest against this obliteration of the name of one of the earliest Chicago martyrs, the gallant young Lieutenant Wells, who gave his life to save women and children. He fell in the Indian massacre commemorated by the bronze group to be seen at the corner of Prairie Avenue and Eighteenth Street. For every one who will ever see the monumental group, thousands, yes, millions, will speak the name in connection with the nobler memorial of Wells Street. "Fifth Avenue" can mean nothing in Chicago but an uncomplimentary contrast with a street in the bigger city of New York. But Wells Street reaches into what is permanent, heroic and beautiful in the story of Chicago.

I was a citizen of Chicago when a sordid commercialism undertook to evade the reproaches of degeneracy by changing the name instead of curing the disease. I then prophesied a time when that thoroughfare, South Wells Street, would be restored to its original significant name, and the school children, with banners and song, would celebrate the restoration.

In addition to my own protest, I wish to add the protest of my Tuesday Class in Religion, consisting of eighty women, who on Tuesday morning, September 26, passed unanimous vote asking me to embody their protest with mine. A similar action was taken by my Friday Night Class in Religion, consisting of men and women.

I hope this protest will at least command a thorough public agitation of the question before final action is taken. I cannot believe that your honorable body will consent to this act of historic vandalism for the sake of a fanciful 25 per cent advance in real estate values.

Very respectfully yours,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

September 30, 1916.

Mr. Clarence A. Burley, President,
Chicago Historical Society,
Dearborn Avenue and Ontario Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

The accompanying copy of a communication which I have sent to the city office will explain itself. Some of us have been neglectful of our opportunities in allowing the name of Lieutenant Wells to so drop out of the knowledge of Chicago people. In testing my class of intelligent women, some eighty strong, last Tuesday, I found only three or four of them knew why the street in question was named Wells, and my Friday night class, in which were men, did not show up much better. I wonder if the question was put to the Eighth Grade and High School children of Chicago what the response would be.

It seems to me that here is an opportunity for the Historical Society to put in a stroke of work. When business men would substitute the meaningless "Broadway" for Clark Street and erase the name of Wells for a detached "Fifth Avenue," it is time that the guardians of history and culture should enter upon a campaign of education, among our school children at least. From out of their ranks are to come the men who will do business on the streets in question and represent the city in the Common Council.

Very respectfully and cordially yours,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Chicago, October 6, 1916.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Abraham Lincoln Center,
Oakwood Blvd. and Langley Ave.,
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

I enclose a copy of communication which I have sent to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen concerning the proposed change of Wells Street to North Fifth Avenue. I have also sent copies of this communication to some of the newspapers, in hopes that they may widen the protest.

I am very much obliged for the copy of your letter to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

Very truly yours,
CLARENCE A. BURLEY,
President Chicago Historical Society.

Chicago, October 6, 1916.

To the Mayor and
Board of Aldermen
of the City of Chicago.

Gentlemen:

The attention of the Chicago Historical Society has been called to a proposal to change the name of Wells Street to North Fifth Avenue.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society a resolution was passed directing me as President to protest, on behalf of the Society, against such change and to express its reasons for such protest.

Wells Street was named after William Wells, Captain of Scouts, under General Wayne in his fighting with the Indians in what was then the northwestern part of the United States. He was killed at the Fort Dearborn Massacre in 1812. In "Chicago and the Old Northwest" it is said of him: "Wells was the real hero of the Chicago massacre, giving his life "voluntarily to save his friends. The debt which Chicago owes to his memory an earlier generation sought to discharge by giving his name to one of the city's principal streets." The name, therefore, has historic associations beginning with the earliest history of Chicago. His courage and fidelity were well worth commemoration.

The Chicago Historical Society is giving free lectures to the school children of Chicago upon the history of the city from early times to now, in the endeavor to excite in these children a civic pride in its history and growth; and among the historic things pointed out to them are the names of Clark Street and Wells Street, named after the heroes of an early day.

Unfortunately, Wells has been robbed of part of the honor given him by changing the name of that part of the street south of the river to Fifth Avenue, a name utterly without meaning in this city. It would add much more to the dignity of Chicago if the old name were restored to all of the street rather than that a name utterly meaningless should be further extended.

In the name of the Chicago Historical Society protest is made against a change which would remove from the list of streets in Chicago a name of historic interest; a name of one of the first men to die on Chicago soil as a sacrifice to duty; a name to call the attention of coming generations to faithfulness and valor.

This protest is sent in the hope that such change may not be made; at least that it may not be made before public opinion can be expressed.

Very respectfully yours,
CLARENCE A. BURLEY, President.

WINTER LEAFAGE.

Each year I mark one lone outstanding tree,
Clad in its robings of the summer past,
Dry, wan and shivering in the wintry blast.
It will not pay the season's rightful fee—
It will not set its frost-burnt leafage free;
But like some palsied miser all aghast,
Who hoards his sordid treasure to the last,
It sighs, it moans, it sings in eldritch glee.
A foolish tree to dote on summers gone;
A faithless tree, that never feels how spring
Creeps up the world to make a leafy dawn,
And recompense for all despoilment bring!
Oh, let me not, heydey and youth withdrawn,
With failing hands to their vain semblance cling!

—Edith M. Thomas.

The beauty of silence is best learned among chatterers.

THE PULPIT

A Psalm of the Inner Life—XXIII.

I.

The Shepherd—God

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 1, 1916.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

O Thou who inhabiteth Eternity, may we hear Thy voice speaking in our own souls, see Thy purposes revealed in the mighty swing of the planets, and Thy word established in the long events of history. Speak to us this morning, Father, in the near duties, help us to lift ourselves into the eternal presence of things that abide, that we may be healed of the wounds that weaken us, that we may be consoled in the hour of our bereavement, that we may find Thee again, working in the dark ways of providence, guiding, checking, rebuking, punishing. Still Thy law abides, Thy words survive through the ages, and Thy will alone endures. Amen.

I could think of no other source more fertile from which to draw the inspiration of another year's work in this place than this universal classic of the human soul. Its sentences have proven the refrain of the pious and the distressed wherever pen or press has carried them. It has carried comfort and inspiration, valuable alike in the privacy of one's own room and in the publicity of the cathedral. Jew, Christian and Mohammedan have found help and consolation in the deathless measures of the twenty-third Psalm, and it may well serve us this opening month of our work. It will lead our thoughts in the direction of the problems of God, of life's discipline, the path to peace, the problem of evil and the thought of the immortal life.

"The Lord is my Shepherd!" Who dares make that assertion in these days of terrible *dis*order, of so awful *im*providence, days when malignity and hatreds overwhelm the world like the waves of an angry sea. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Who dares say this while the guardians of civilization are shooting it to pieces; when the would-be advocates of Christianity are mouthing words of love that they may articulate more clearly words of hate.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

What? At this time when the representatives of the noblest "Powers" on earth have declared within the last week that nothing but absolute destruction of the enemy will bring an end to their murderous activities? When a great statesman, borrowing the slang of the ring, has said, "Nothing but a 'knock-out' will settle it." Where now is your "Shepherd"? What of your "God"?

One thing is clear in our own experience. It is the folded sheep that trust the Shepherd. It is the wandering and wayward ones of the flock that may well cry, Where is my Shepherd? In private life we know that the Eternal Father throws a fence, a barbed wire fence at that, if you please, around the faithful. This fence is as necessary to keep in the helpless lambs as to keep out the predatory wolves. In individual lives we know from bitter experience that the shepherd of souls is partial to sobriety. He is predisposed to kindliness. He is biased in the interest of justice. We fail to read his edict in the sacred Scriptures of the past if we discount the demands of ecclesiasticism or of the creeds of churches. At least in the wee small hours of the night we are compelled to listen to a still small voice that speaks of duty, that would guide us into the ways of love and the paths of peace. In our individual lives we know that defiance to the decrees of the Eternal means defeat in one form or another.

The question for today is, for I am not dealing at length with the experience of the private soul, does this shepherding include nations and does this folding mean "powers," principalities and governments? Does this wait upon the leadership of kings, presidents, parliaments and congresses?

There are certain sureties that we can affirm without fear of being challenged when we try to bring this first affirmation of the great Psalm of the Inner Life down to date. If there be a God he is not partial to any one existing power to the neglect of all others. He is indifferent to dialects. It does not yet appear that he has any preference for English, German, French, Italian or Turkish speech. Whatever he is, he is not a partial God. The Jews, the most confident devotees of the Most High in history, rested in the faith that there was a "God in their Israel." If there was, he did not keep the Babylonians out of the "Holy Land." He did not interfere with the Philistines when they made repeated incursions into the land of the chosen. One thing is quite clear, so far as human vision can see, the Almighty has refused to take a hand in the present European quarrel. Humanly speaking, as someone on the other side irreverently said, "He seems to be sitting on the fence;" not heeding the urgent petitions that are laid at his feet.

Another affirmation: This God is not now and never has been in a hurry. Demonstrably "a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday and a watch in the night." Horace Mann once said that the difference between him and the Almighty was that he was in a hurry and God was not. The clock of destiny has a long pendulum and it ticks out the progress of the races by centuries, aye milleniums, not by the calendar of the human.

Another thing is sure, is it not? That in Emerson's phrase, "The dice of God are loaded in the interest of virtue." The triumphs of force are temporal and passing, the triumphs of love are lasting and growing. When Baron Bunsen wrote his great revolutionary work entitled, "God in History," he offered a key by which men might discover something of the workings of the Eternal. The dice of God *are* loaded in the interest of virtue and peace and righteousness. If the verdict of history is to be considered, no weightier word ever fell from the lips of the Nazarene than that which said, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A long view of history reveals the military pageants moving to oblivion, the mounted conquerors marching to their death, the flaming swords of the great captains of war have long since been rotting in the dust of oblivion. Whereas a youth who fled the glory of a crown refused the power of a sword; the Son of a Carpenter; the child of a stonecutter, men and women of humble rank and obscure origin unwittingly wrote themselves into the permanent pages of history. Their stories endure simply because they had tender hearts, kindly souls, helpful hands, brave intellects. History votes for the

gentle and if history reflects the will of the Eternal we may still say, in so far as we can pluck hatred and narrowness and bitterness out of our hearts, "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want."

Men have undertaken to handle humanity in bundles, to dispose of them in sheaves, but the Eternal refuses to recognize these sheaves. Men have divided the human family into races, have bounded the nations with lines on the map, have expressed themselves in constitutions and bylaws, in flags and words of patriotism; but He that dwelleth in Eternity laughs at these subterfuges. He has poured flags and crowns and man laid geographical boundaries into the crucible of history and burned them up. The great melting pot of destiny has been careless of patriotic pride or patriotic borders. He that inhabiteth Eternity dwelleth with the humble, the lowly, and ministers to the contrite of heart."

Another thing, we may know, may we not, that the Eternal works today as he worked when first order rose out of chaos. The constitution of the universe is not open to amendments. The man in the observatory sets his telescope by his man-made watch to a schedule prepared in Greenwich perhaps ten years before, and then places himself at the eyepiece and prompt to the engagement made when first the morning stars sang together for joy the expected planet arrives on the tick of time. And this because man has set his watch by the stars and they are reliable. The man of the laboratory is unmoved by any anxiety lest his statements may be discounted in the market, lest the substances in his vials may lose their value or change. The "laws" in the chemist's laboratory abide. Five times five are twenty-five in Arabia and in Alaska. The multiplication table is reliable; so if we may perchance read a fragment of the verdict of history in any part of the world, or in any time in human history, it is safe to infer that things are working the same now, and that like conditions will produce like results. If we know what the fate of militant pride and marshalled victors has been in the past, we are justified in assuming that the Eternal keeps guard over the universe today in the same way.

We know what has become of Chaldea and Babylon. We have read the story of Alexander the Great, who wept for want of more worlds to conquer, and we know where he met his defeat. We know that imperial Rome has gone. We know that the pages of European history for the last nineteen centuries picture scarcely more than a graveyard, so thick are they with monuments of defeat, dead kingdoms, wrecked empires. Anywhere and everywhere in the pages of European history where political greed and ambitions obscured the larger and higher claim of human brotherhood, He that inhabiteth Eternity, the helper of the lowly, the comforter of the bereaved, has been on hand to discount their triumphs and hasten their defeat. We know what has become of the nations of the elder world, and to a degree we can trace the reasons for their decay.

Shall we dare say, the Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want, in the face of this horrible destruction and demoralization that has jumped the Atlantic and has plunged even the United States into a war of words that is appalling; a distrust among men of one another that is most shocking. Degeneracy and political hatreds and petty conceits on the one hand and then on the other a distortion of human judgment that makes us cock sure for the next few weeks that *our* party is all right and the other party is all wrong—at least otherwise sensible men to themselves are justified in glorifying the administration of their choice and berating the other side, without shading their words or discriminating in their decrees. All this is opposed to the conditions of universal brotherhood.

"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want," is he? Yes, by the eternal stars, so far as I go to the Lord in the way of love and righteousness, so far as I am entitled to a place in the great thought of the Father that includes all lands. "The Lord *is* my Shepherd" in so far as I yield to the voice of love, in so far as I am guided by what to me is the holiest, highest sense of duty which is forever inclusive.

The words of him who eighteen hundred years ago said, "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem is the Father to be worshipped," still reverberate through the centuries with increasing power, declaring that neither in Berlin, London, Paris, Petrograd nor Washington is the sacred altar of the Most High. "For God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," beyond all boundaries and across all patriotic conceits. The Eternal who abideth forever in the temple of immensity is impartial. He is committed to a brotherhood that enfolds all lines, creeds and nationalities. The Lord is the Shepherd of the loving, the Lord is the Shepherd of the loyal, the Lord is the Shepherd of the true, but they that wander away in desert places of hate and bitterness, jealousies and ambitions may well challenge the statement.

There has arrived in my study this week a very significant volume, published at the Unitarian office, London. It contains fourteen discourses on the "Ethical and Religious Problems of the War," edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, one of the most respected and beloved ministers of England. One who has been for many years a teacher of men and a helper of many. Eleven of these fourteen men are eminent Unitarian ministers. These scholars and preachers have undertaken in a large way to do what I have tried to do this morning; justify the thought of a Shepherd, fit the thought of an eternal God into this horrible European disaster. They have spoken words of calmness and wisdom, but at this distance they seem to me to labor pitifully in trying to fit the Almighty into the facts of Europe's disaster, rather than to fit the conduct of the human into the will of the Almighty, as discovered in the decrees of history and the vision of the saints.

This is to my mind by far the more important task. There is a justification in these sermons just now for this red stream of human blood that is deluging the continent of Europe.

Here is too manifest a disposition to assume lines that scarcely exist in the geography of heaven. The Eternal does not draw a line apparently between the virtuous and the vicious in European politics. All the good is not on one side and all the bad is not on the other side of the channel. German iniquity is shot through and through with German art, poetry, philosophy and nobility, while English virtue is again interwoven with English greed, arrogance and centuries of military aggressiveness and naval conceit.

We miss in this book a note of humility that breaks into confession in response to the master's voice, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." But one of them, Dr. L. P. Jacks, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, than which there is no more eminent and respectable review in English literature, has faced the dilemma in the only way it seems to me righteous. In speaking of the attempt to fit the thought of a loving God into the facts of current butchery, he says:

> Would it not be better, more moral, more religious, to put this demand behind us as savoring not of the things of God? Might we not personify the evil forces of the war and address them in terms such as these: "You challenge me to reconcile you with the conception of a perfect world. I will do no such thing. I will treat you as irreconcilable with even a decent world. You have no place here. I will regard you not as something to be fitted into my scheme of thought, but as something to be cast out of it into everlasting burnings. To me you shall stand accursed, and accursed forever. You shall be an object lesson in everything thought ought not to be. Whenever I see you pointing in one direction I will go in the direction clean opposite. Your cruelties shall only make me more careful henceforth to be kind. Your hatred and abuse I will turn into a reason for making my own speech more friendly and my judgment of others more tolerant. At every point I will answer you with the opposite. Everything you outrage I will exalt; everything you affirm I will deny—for all your works prove you founded on a lie. The more your doings seem to blot God from the universe, the more convinced am I that God exists to judge and punish you. Just because you are so hideous and so wicked you shall be—not reconciled with God—but scourged out of existence by the beautiful and good."

In God's name—I must be patient in the presence of the imperfections in my own inner life. I must be wise in contemplating the imperfections of peoples and the mistakes of nations; but God forbid that I should in the name of piety undertake to excuse the bad, or to ignore the wrong. All this horrible enginery of destruction perfected by modern science is but the perfecting of the weapons of hate with which the inferior orders of nature were armed when they dominated this world ages before man appeared with his defenceless body and inadequate weapons. Your dreadnaughts and submarines and all the other accursed triumphs of science belong to the era of the horns, the fangs and claws. They are to be gotten rid of, to be outgrown, to be discarded.

"Oh, but what of the causes entrusted to nations?" The interests that we are divinely appointed to guard! I am not going to assume any responsibility for that; that is God's responsibility. I dare not believe that his causes need our brutal defences.

America, England, France, Russia, all the names upon the map at the present time, you can locate in the twentieth century. Whether they are to have a place on the map of the twenty-fifth century is not for us to say; it is not for us to care much. But I believe that the purposes of the Eternal are going to have some place on the map in the twenty-fifth century. Democracy and justice, love and order, pity and piety, they are secure so long as humanity endures. The great white angels of the Most High who have stood for the defenceless virtues are safe.

There are but three ways by which we may come to discover the will of "Him who inhabiteth eternity."

One, in the order of the universe, the material word; I have already plead for the faith that rests in that. We can trust the multiplication table, the laws of chemistry and astronomy.

Two, the verdict of history, that requires study. Our conclusions may often call for a revision; they are tentative, but the facts remain.

Three, that other sense, that comes from I know not where, not of my creation, that blooms in the face of the babe and croons in the love of the mother and reveals itself in fatherly protection, that which grows indignant when a dog is abused, which resents an injury offered to a cat or a bird, still more when violence is offered to the balances of the Eternal, so poised that justice is the demand.

By all these three routes of travel we may enter into the fold of the shepherding God and reaffirm our joy in this twenty-third Psalm that has brought peace to countless pilgrims, quieted stormy hearts, brought light into darkness, joy and triumph to the defeated.

"The Lord is my Shepherd!" I dare not say that because I am an American. I dare not claim the right to say that because I was born under the British flag, proud of that fact as I may be. Woe to him who claims it because he is a Jew or a Gentile, a Christian or a pagan. Only the loving and loyal, the true and the just abide forever with Him who inhabiteth Eternity.

May we enter in Thy councils, O Father, that Thy peace may enter into our hearts and Thy message of love of truth and of justice be extended through us to Thy children, our brothers and sisters everywhere. Amen.

EVEN-SONG.

This is the gentle hour,
When the dew drips down;
Yellow as country flower
Blow the panes of town.

Done are the marketings,
And the curses sped;
Back are the good old things:
Roof, candle and bed.

Nothing of ill or rue,
Can the house befall;
God is here in the dew;
Peace to us all.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

The declaration of Lloyd George for war to the bitter end, and the answer in similar vein of Bethman-Hollweg, may be set down as examples of such bravado as might be expected of primitive savages, or of very young schoolboys, but scarcely of individuals aspiring to the dignity of civilized statesmen. Their position is even less creditable than that of either savages or schoolboys, who personally engage in the physical encounters from which they refuse to desist until victorious. But Messrs. George and Hollweg are insisting that others incur the suffering and danger regardless of their wishes in the matter. Their appeal is to the same childish sentiment as Roosevelt and Hughes invoke in their criticism of Wilson's foreign policy.

S. D. in The Public.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Peace Periodicals

Dear UNITY:

May I come personally into the discussions anent Peace periodicals, since twice I have appeared by proxy on the subject?

The little reference list for club women, so generously praised in your columns, contained frequent references to *The Survey,* which advocates peace, internationalism and anti-militarism as ably and fearlessly as it does all other important steps in human progress. I am glad one of your correspondents insisted on its inclusion. It has had the best and most abundant material upon these questions since the beginning of the war of any periodical I know of, even reporting truthfully and sympathetically the Ford Expedition.

But why list only the weeklies? On the outline referred to were also frequent references to *LaFollette's Monthly*; published at Madison, Wisconsin. This magazine has opposed all forms of militarism and "preparedness" in its columns quite as consistently as its distinguished editor has fought them in the Senate chamber. Neither Senator LaFollette nor the magazine has once stood on the side of war, of the munition makers, nor of the "prepardness" hysteria. As early as February, 1915, he introduced in the Senate a resolution proposing a conference of the neutral nations, and he has consistently voted against all militaristic measures, including the huge appropriation bills. Few other congressmen have so clear a record. UNITY's Wisconsin readers could do the cause of peace and of human progress no better service than to work earnestly toward his return to Congress at the November election.

Another pacific monthly that occurs to me is *The Commoner,* of which William Jennings Bryan is the editor.

Your Washington correspondent is quite right about the internationalist and pacific tendencies of the Socialist and Labor organs. The *Appeal to Reason* is one of the weeklies of this class. Notable among the monthlies, and indeed among all periodicals, is *The Masses,* with which the *New Review* is now combined under one cover, published in New York by Max Eastman. John Reed's exposure of the forces behind the entire "preparedness" propaganda, from picture shows to parades, is the most comprehensive single article I have seen on this subject. It appeared in the July number of *The Masses.*

There must be some dailies in addition to the Socialist papers, such as the Milwaukee *Leader* and the New York *Call,* who stand both for peace and against militarism. Could we not have a list of these from some one who knows? The *Christian Science Monitor* is one, I believe.

Faithfully yours,

SUSAN MILLER QUACKENBUSH.

Portage, Wisconsin, October 2, 1916.

DEAR UNITY: May I add to the publications that stand uncompromisingly for pacifist principals, "The New York Evening Post, "New York Call," "The Masses" (New York), and "The Commoner."

The August issue of the latter journal devotes a good quarter of its space to pacifist articles, including a chapter of Rev. Charles E. Jefferson's splendid book, "What the War is Teaching,,; Mr. Bryan's fine address at the Mohonk conference last May; a re-print from "La Follette's Magazine"—"Who Owns Mexico?" and an article by Mr. Bryan on "The Thirty Peace Treaties."

As for "Masses"—it, too, is militant in its pacifism, with a militancy that knows neither fear nor favor. I have seen nothing in print that can compare with its editorials during the past year, and its war cartoons are so startling in their bald truthfulness and horror that one almost recoils from them as from living things.

BLANCHE WATSON.

Anent England's Perseverance

(*See Editorial, last week's issue, page* 69.)

To the Editor of *The Inquirer*:

Sir: I am indebted to you for your insertion of my letter and for your courteous reply. It is a source of genuine regret that while we are at one in regard for the noble interests of civilization, we seem to be in conflict as to the means toward this end. In the first place you do misunderstand my position. I am not a Tolstoyan pacifist but a practical politician. But a war of defence is one thing and a war of subjugation is another. A war in which the conqueror seeks to impose terms upon the vanquished seems to me a war of subjugation. And it is for that purpose you advocate the relentless prosecution of the war. In my judgment wars of this character have never done any permanent good, and never can. As to my alternative policy, you hardly do it justice in your summary: "To cry quits at the earliest possible moment and to enter upon the discussion of peace without any advantage on our own side." No one is in favor of the cessation of the war without conditions and without some assurance of reparation for wrong done. The policy I advocate would give greater security for justice and reparation than the policy of vengeance by the hands of the allies. Let the allies declare that they are willing to abide by the decision of an impartial court of justice in regard to all matters at issue. What Germany would do if that were the position of the allies you do not know. She might fight on determined to force her will upon Europe. If so, I would say with all my heart to the allies, "Resist her to the uttermost." But are we not fighting not for impartial justice but for the forcing of our will on Germany? It may be that our will is right—and that the mere assertion of might can never make it right. Mr. John Galsworthy states my view better than I can state it:

"Whatever were the terms of the peace that would come, peace would not last without a league to guarantee it, and we would not have such a league unless impartiality was its backbone, and unless we were willing to accept its judgments in all matters, and not merely when it suited us."

You would doubtless accept the dictates of such an impartial league when we have put Germany in her place and settled the map of the world by the will of the conqueror. These decisions of the sword would be treated as inviolate by your League of Peace. My position is fundamentally different. Let us state *now* that we will accept the decisions of an impartial tribu-

nal, both in regard to Germany's deeds and the settlement of Europe. Whatever Germany did we should have a clear conscience. The character of the war would be changed completely. You speak of entering upon discussions of peace *without any advantage on our side.* Before any conceivable impartial tribunal there could be no greater advantage than the one-time declaration of Mr. Asquith: "We seek no territory." What advantage before such a tribunal would it be to say that we had driven back the Germans out of Poland and Belgium, and occupied the province of Posen and the Rhine lands, and the German colonies all over the world? We do not live in the Middle Ages. Surely it is time that we appealed to other support for our righteous cause than the occupation of territory and the number of millions of men disabled or slain. Instead of attracting allies by baits of territorial aggrandizement and commercial plunder, we should win by the power of a new ideal for Europe and civilization. "Spoils to the victors" is not an inspiring motto under which thoughtful men can fight. That is the motto of our latest ally, and it expresses in plainer language the only meaning I can find in your plea for a *decisive* victory.

Yours, etc.,
—*Richard Lee.*

Bury, Lancashire, September 5, 1916.

After the War, What?

To the Editor of the Herald:

Even in this peaceful land violence and prejudice are notable characteristics of the crisis in world affairs. As a pro-ally who has always abhorred German militarism, Prussian arrogance, and especially the crime against Belgium, I nevertheless feel that much of the bitter talk in which some of my good friends are now indulging is carrying the public further every day from any possibility of helpfulness. After the last gun is fired there will probably be no prospect of real peace, or even as much as we had during the long, armed truce that was no peace which preceded the war.

The program of the allies to wage then an economic war and ruin Germany's legitimate commerce is the most dangerous fact we have to face. If it succeeds, any effective League to Enforce Peace will be impossible. In his book on the "New Protectionism," which I have just received from England, John A. Hobson, the eminent economist, presents a scholarly, impartial exposure of this colossal folly. It would, he shows, injure the allies as much as Germany. He discusses the economics of "key industries" and the true methods by which England can compete successfully with the science and finance of Germany.

It is the writings of such sane men as Hobson that now offer the only method of a war settlement that will not breed a still more awful world war, in which we should be involved, a few decades later. Three books, one by another Englishman, one by a Frenchman and one by an Austrian—all men who have attained the international mind, offer the best antidote to the one-sided and bitter views that now fill the press of their respective countries and our own.

"European Anarchy," by G. Lowes Dickinson, is a noble, statesmanlike discussion of the world's problem and its solution. He shows how in its ultimate causes "all the nations were implicated. And the punishment or even the annihilation of any one nation would leave those causes still subsisting."

((The Inevitable War," by Francis Delaisi (translated and published by Small & Maynard), written in 1911, is a revelation of the machinations of Delcasse and of the grip which a handful of French capitalists had upon the great masses of the French people. Delaisi saw that France was in equal danger from England and Germany. The first wanted her army in the coming war with Germany, and the second wanted her money. The battleground was to be Belgium and France, who was pledged to defend its neutrality, would be drawn in. The methods by which the press was made to stir up strife and rivalry were well portrayed in 1911. Though it is an old story to some of us, the public does not yet understand one of the most sinister forces that bred this war.

The author said then, more frankly than he would do now, that "Not only have our business men no intention of taking Alsace-Lorraine back again, but should the Kaiser offer it to them they would not want it," and he gives very good economic reasons for this statement. He quotes a significant word of Kitchener's: "The frontier of the British Empire is not the Straits of Dover, but the line of the Meuse," and he shrewdly comments: "A strange formula, which shows what is thought of the Belgian neutrality in both camps." He writes of the "brutally frank words" of Sir John Fisher, admiral of the British fleet, and a delegate to the conference at The Hague: "In case of war, I should only have one aim even if I had to violate every one of the rules laid down by the peace conference—to win; the diplomats can negotiate afterward." For bitter partisans who are sure the wrong of the war is all on one side, this book is an eye-opener.

"The Reconstruction of Europe" is by Alfred Fried, a winner of a Nobel peace prize, the editor of *Friedenswarte,* who lives now in Berne as Vienna does not welcome his doctrine. With masterly impartiality he rises above Austrian prejudice as Dickinson has risen above English prejudice, and arrives essentially at the same conclusions.

The months are fast slipping by in which an American public, astoundingly indifferent to the deepest problems before civilization, can do anything to help prevent a still greater catastrophe than this war, i. e., perpetual bitterness, rivalry and preparation for a world war. If that comes, it is quite possible that Germany and Russia will stand together. Russia needs her brains and has no love for England. Alliances are short-lived. Had England had conscription when Lord Roberts urged it twenty years ago, she would have fought France.

Senator Stone has said: "The United States needs a navy, not only for defence, but, if necessary, for aggression." We are all miserable sinners, and there can be no health in us until all the great powers have formed a league of nations and invited all the world to join them. "Peace," says Alfred Fried, "is a condition of organized living among nations." The first step toward that is to try to put ourselves in the other fellow's place; the second, to see that we need not wait for human brotherhood, but merely for commonsense organization to end war between nations as we have ended it between states and cities. Whoever is

not working so far as he can systematically for this; whoever is adding to the gall and bitterness of the present misunderstandings, is helping to prepare for further war which may complete the downfall of civilization. The next two years will tip up or down the scale of possibilities. Our responsibility to think sanely now is greater than that of any other people. The choice is between drifting into conditions that will breed a world war or systematic, constructive work for permanent peace.

—*Lucia Ames Mead.*

From Boston Herald.
Sept. 20, 1916.

A Voice of Sympathy

Last winter, in a hotel in southern California, I used to pass every morning on the stair or hall, which he would be sweeping, a young Armenian boy, with whom for some weeks I exchanged greeting. One evening, at a church near the hotel, I read a story of mine called "Folks," which tried to be a plea toward Internationalism. The next morning when I met the boy he asked if he might speak to me.

I shall never forget what he said: "I do not know if I can tell you what I mean—my English is so short. But you know the church, last night—I was there. I, too, believe what you said—of Internationalism and brotherhood. But people do not understand that for my people. We are so far away—no one hears, no one knows all. And I wondered if you could not help—would you write something like you read last night? For my people?"

Then he brought me some copies of *The New Armenia,* and we talked more after that. I used to see him going through the grounds with the vacuum cleaner and think of what was in his heart. He had not heard from his mother and sisters in more than a year. He was a high school graduate and had had a little college, and was working toward more of college. And in his spirit was all the glory of the new Armenia, the new Internationalism, the new planet.

He said once to me:

"You can make folks understand about my people. Here they cannot see. Here they know about Europe—France, Germany, Belgium, Poland—your people have been there. They have seen pictures. They know the people. When they hear of sadness there they cry, 'My God, this is awful!' But when they read of Armenia—no one has been to Armenia. They remember nothing, they imagine little—they cannot understand! They say, 'Those poor Armenians!' 'But they do not feel here—here,' he struck his breast, 'as they feel for the rest of Europe. I have wished to make them know. I am an Armenian. I can do nothing. But you—you are another race. You can make people know. Make people know what my people suffer!"

If only he had leaned toward me, his face shining, his eyes burning, I could have borne it. But no—he only sat there by me with his face expressionless, his eyes dead, as if the world had been killed for him long ago. Only his voice! In his voice was the sorrow of his whole people. And it spoke, it cried out, it strove in him as if it must make the whole city, the whole world, understand.

"I," he said, "wanted to be a doctor. I came here to this country. I had some school. When I have work, I shall have more school. But now I have no wish to be a doctor. That was—you know—physical ambition. Now I have no ambition except to be something for my people. For people—through my people. I must help. How shall I help—how can I? Sometimes I am crazy because I cannot help my people . ."

He threw back his shoulders and looked at me.

"It is no question of going back to fight for Armenia," he resumed. "There is no fighting—there is only butchery. My people are driven, beaten, hounded, sent to the desert, tortured, eyes out, feet bastinadoed, forced to march in the burning sun, mangled, killed by axes, drowned—any way to get rid of Armenians! In my history I read about Tamerlane—since Tamerlane there has never been anything in the world to equal the murder of my people. And yet we are an ancient and a noble people. Since 301 we have been Christian. For hundreds of years we had our kings—but we go down, and now we meet death for all. We are murdered now because we were Christian. Why do not the other Christian nations help? Why do they not help?"

Then, right there, I knew about the spirit of martyrs.

"If I do not give my death," he continued, "do you not see that I must give my life? Armenia has need of lives. I give my life to her. I get education—I help, help, help her to think it out. But now—I am sick because people do not understand how it is with Armenia. We want sympathy—my people; sympathy, and a crying out from all the world!"

He looked at me wistfully. Oh, words don't mean enough—they never mean enough. All I could say was:

"I'll do what I can. I'll do some little scrap. Here's my hand on it."

So I went home, and I wrote down—just like you've read it here. And I send it to you, and I say:

"Is there anything you could put into your paper these days that is any better than the way most every people is looking to the rest of the world for sympathy? Does it not seem like that must mean something? Something big?"

From The New Armenia. —*Zona Gale.*
Portage, Wis.

OCTOBER.

Oh! her gown! Oh! her gown
Was all of red-brown,
And she'd gold-dust in her flecks
And in specks
  Here and there;
And her smile—oh! her smile
Was a girl's, yet, the while,
A crown lay half seen
In the sheen
  Of her hair.

Harper's Bazaar. —*Jeanette Cooper.*

"When a man shows too much virtue," said a moralist, "I doubt his having any."

Walt Whitman

In *rereading* the tender eulogies that were made at the annual meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship in New York on May 31, it came to me to add my *verslibrists* to our biggest poet and to one whose manhood reached the high level of saintliness.

It is a wonder to other nations that Americans have generally passed by Whitman with contempt or indifference. It is narrated that a number of years ago two young educated ladies called on Tennyson to express their admiration. Naturally Tennyson, who was an ardent admirer of the old Bard of Camden, asked about him, when he found to his surprise they had never heard of him.

One of the tenderest greetings which came to the Fellowship, to the men and women who had gathered to express their reverence for America's greatest poet, came from a French soldier. Out of the gloom and measureless suffering of the trenches came this word of love. He had seen those prophetic lines:

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
What the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, the soiled world.

People who did not know Whitman objected to him on the score of *"indecency,"* and especially was this charge made against the poem, "Drum Taps." But this poem has recently been republished in the *Tribune*. And there is no thought of *"indecency,"* for in "Drum Taps" the spirit of America finds, as Horace Traubel says, "its richest and most perfect expression."

I can remember (many years ago) when I would not be seen reading "Leaves of Grass"—it was a disgrace; but it was not long until my eyes were opened to the beauty and splendor of the poet's thought. He was a prophet as well as a poet, and he did not, like Tolstoy, sacrifice his art to his teachings. The "Leaves of Grass" were an exalted and original view of man and of nature combined with an "unsurpassed epic directness."

He does not take away our freedom. He is our friend and comrade. He lifts higher those who come to him. He raises them to the radiant mountain summits or he passes with them into the "silences and shadows" where are found our supreme illuminations.

FROM LEAVES OF GRASS.

We are just as good and as bad as the best and the worst.
What they feel, do we not feel ourselves?
Great is *youth*, but equally great is *old age*. Great is *expression* and equally great is *silence*.
Death has just as much purpose as Life has. I do not understand the realities of Death, but I know they are great.
Great is wickedness; I find I often admire it as much as I admire Goodness!

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

If we cannot compete on even terms with any country on earth, then we ought to quit. There is absolutely no necessity for hard times. There is enough in this world for everybody to do, and this country will find enough to do if the special interests and Wall Street will keep hands off.

—*Henry Ford.*

The Fool's Errand

There recently appeared in one of the leading daily papers of the state an editorial entitled: The Henry Ford Expedition. It branded Mr. Ford's proposed peace expedition to Europe as a fool's errand and goes on to state that such efforts make the American people the laughing stock of Europe.

We have heard statements to this effect so often before that we are prone to ask whom the people in Europe might be who would ridicule any effort on the part of the people of the United States looking toward peace? Is it the soldiers' who are in the trenches undergoing all the hardships and horror of which war is capable? Is it the boys who have been brought back from the front with legs and arms torn off or their eyes shot out? We can hardly believe it would be the women; the mothers and sisters and sweethearts who are left not only with the work of the farms and factories, but with heartache and sorrow that shall never again know a glad tomorrow. We doubt if it is the ones who must carry the burden of taxation for the next 50 years and build up what has been destroyed of the fruits of the labor of the working people for the past fifty years. Perhaps it is the ones upon whose hands the blood of this war rests. If so, let them laugh, but we are inclined to believe that there is no one in Europe laughing today. And furthermore we are inclined to believe that the people in this country who would have us believe they are laughing, are people who have something to sell—something to gain through the continuance of the war.

We are in sympathy with Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan in their noble efforts for peace, because we believe that the people of the warring nations, who are carrying the load of the battle and the suffering, would welcome peace, and we are sure that the average American is not afraid of being laughed at in desiring peace.

Peace! The fool's errand! God save the mark. It is the war that is the fool's part. Who has given a just cause for the war? Who has said what good is to come from it? Will people be better fed, better clothed or happier when it is over than they were before? What chains are to be severed, what prison bars thrown down, what new freedom to be gained? There have been times in the history of the world when war may have been justified, but if there is any issue in this present war other than suspicion, we have failed to comprehend it. It is the greatest blunder of civilization, the biggest fool's errand ever perpetrated upon the people by men who represent government.

If this war has taught any lesson well, it is the fallacy of war. Let us have peace for sufficient time to give common sense a hearing; and the implements of war "shall be beaten into plow shares and pruning hooks" and men shall realize that the most powerful forces are justice and desire for the common good of all. —*A. J. McGuire.*

In the Minnesota Farm Review.

APPAREL.

While old traditions fit thee keep them on,
And wear them graciously, with sweet content,
As an old temple wears an ivy gown.
When from thy sides in tatters they hang down,
Burst by a strength that life has never meant
For bonds, a raiment fresh as springtime don.

The Craftsman. —*Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE FIELD—PERSONAL.

Our friends, the Rev. and Mrs. Joseph H. Crooker, have located in Oberlin, Ohio, and Dr. Crooker is busy at work on a book upon which he has labored for years.

The Rev. George Batcheller, for many years editor of the *Christian Register*, whose pastoral record reaches from Salem to Chicago, has recently celebrated his eightieth year, and still his fertile pen is diligent.

THE GROWTH OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

Quiet, without observation, the principles of universal religion are being embodied in active churches. The following, clipped from the *Christian Register*, shows what is being done in Grand Rapids, Mich.:

All Souls' Church, Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman: The church as a whole and in its several departments has begun the work of the new year with unanimous and joyous energy. The large and solid accomplishments of last season have aroused the greatest confidence concerning the future. The public meetings held last December in the Hotel Pantlind served to clarify the mind of the community and of the church constituency regarding the principles of All Souls'. The better understanding of the meaning of Universal Religion which has grown up has awakened a positive devotion within the church and increasing respect and attention in the city at large. On a single Sunday, without previous solicitation, after the principles of the church had been proclaimed, twenty-five persons signed the membership roll. Last winter a group of men formed themselves into a club, the only object of which, as stated in the constitution, was "actively and vigorously to promote Universal Religion." One of the gentlemen gave $100 for newspaper advertising. The club as a whole supported the movement and the public was kept informed of the services of the church. The club also published a pamphlet by Mr. Freeman on "What All Souls' Church of Universal Religion Stands For." The members used very energetic personal measures to gather large Sunday congregations. The subscribers increased last year thirty-three per cent. The Women's Band raised $961.89 as compared with $517.33 the year before.

The most admirable spirit animates, also, the other organizations within the church; the Sunday School, the Fortnightly Club, the Samaritan Society, and the Class in Religion and Life. Mr. Freeman is a frequent speaker at all manner of public functions. He is regularly in requisition at the literary clubs and was asked by the chief of them to deliver the address at their celebration of the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare. There has been spasmodic agitation in the city during past years to secure a more reasonable treatment of the county prisoners. Mr. Freeman last year organized a committee of representative citizens to find an immediate solution for the problem. Mr. G. J. Johnson, a trustee of All Souls, who has long been deeply concerned in the matter, took charge of the affair, and by tireless and wise effort secured the purchase by the county of Kent of a work farm. The beneficial results are already strikingly apparent. Plans for the ensuing year have already been projected and are being executed. The church has offered its parlor as a place of rehearsal for the newly forming Grand Rapids Symphony Orchestra, and has guaranteed the salary of the conductor for four months, until the movement can gain public support.

An Emerson class was organized last year and continues this year under the leadership of Mrs. Myrtle Koon Cherryman. A class in blue print reading will be conducted by one of the church members who is an architect. One of the ladies is to have a class to teach housekeeping to new Americans.

The Philanthropic Committee of the Women's Band is working out a method to co-ordinate the different agencies in the city and county which have to do with the public health or correction of women. Another committee has arranged an admirable course of lectures and recitals for the coming season. The attendance and the morale of the first services of this new year have been such as to fill all who love All Souls' Church and the principles for which it stands with the greatest buoyancy and encouragement.

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Lincoln Memorial University began with less than 200 students. It now enrolls nearly 700. The time is very near when we shall have a thousand. How great is our need for the support necessary to care for these, and to carry forward the great work of this great school needs no more telling than the words imply. These students are, in educational potentiality, the salt of the earth, the best physical, mental and moral material in this nation. Ninety per cent of them are of Revolutionary Stock—Scotch-Irish, English and Old Huguenot descent, high principled, keen, alert, eager, ambitious, ready to make any sacrifice for an education. Last year we had to turn away students. This year we have determined not to endure again that ordeal. When you consider that $17.50 pays a student's tuition and room rent for three months, and his board for one month, you can form some estimate of the need, and the opportunity, which *this* University affords. Many of our pupils pay their way by working on the farm, in the dairy, and about the buildings. The young women and the girls *do not do less;* they care for the work of their domitory, and they help in all ways they can in their sphere.

In addition to the productive property, a little more than *one hundred thousand dollars* has been raised toward the Endowment Fund of the University and the Library Fund, but the institution cannot do its best work for these needy and courageous people until the immediate endowment shall have reached at least five hundred thousand dollars.

The instruction is facilitated by division into the six departments: Collegiate, Academic, Normal, Agricultural, Industrial and Musical, with a competent corps of teachers and professors.

The Collegiate Department, though small, imparts an unmistakable college character and atmosphere. College-bred readers will note this.

We cannot conclude this notice without mentioning the new emphasis we are placing here on agricultural training. Not only has this need for science in farming methods penetrated to the mountains and valleys of the Cumberland, but the students are eager to undertake the scientific study of soils and crops. Our Dairy Department, with only thirty-five cows, is on a paying basis. This little "beginning dairy" has already achieved a daily average of 5½ per cent butter-fat, as against 4½ per cent for the State of Tennessee.

TEACHER WANTED: AN EXPERIenced teacher of Mathematics of high school grade, who would like to spend the winter South, could secure immediate position by addressing LYMAN WARD at CAMP HILL, ALABAMA. Salary, $50 a month.

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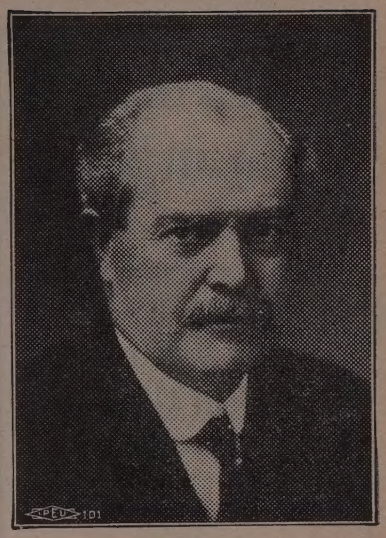

Can the Governorship of Illinois Be Bought?

REPUBLICANS HAVE MADE THAT A VERY LIVE ISSUE. THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS SHOULD BE AROUSED TO THE GREAT DANGER THAT CONFRONTS THEM.

An interesting bit of news in the Sunday papers was the report of The Pullman Company filed Saturday with the Public Service Commission of Massachusetts. This report shows that the net income of the company for the year ending June 30th, was $13,556,091, a gain of $2,312,132 over last year's results. The earnings were equal to 11.35 per cent on the $120,000,000 stock outstanding.

Among the great beneficiaries of this enormous sum are the heirs of the founder, the late George M. Pullman. Colonel Frank O. Lowden, who married Mr. Pullman's daughter, was for many years a director of this company, and his income is largely derived from that source.

How is the Pullman Company's income earned?

Well, to illustrate, The Pullman porter who will look after the wants of Colonel Lowden and his guests when they depart on the campaign train de luxe Tuesday, is paid $27.50 a month without board. For the balance of his income to provide for himself and family—if he has a family—he must depend upon the public for tips. These are the facts as presented in a report by the United States Industrial Commission.

That is Colonel Lowden's idea for the standard of wages for the employees of the company that furnishes the greater part of his income; at least there is no record of any protest on his part.

A fair question then is this: If Colonel Lowden approves this wage system for the Pullman Company, to what extent would he go to serve that company were he chosen Governor of the State of Illinois?

To put the matter in another form, this query was offered by Senator Morton D. Hull at a meeting in the 31st Ward on September 1st: "I ask Mr. Lowden would it not be an embarrassing moment if you, as Governor, were called upon to appoint a Public Utilities Commission to regulate rates, services and capitalization of the Pullman Company, of which you are, or have been a director."

It is true that The Pullman Company is but one corporation—though a pretty big one—but Colonel Frank Smith told us in the primary campaign that allied with Lowden and actively supporting him were representatives of the Standard Oil millions, the United States Steel millions, The Harvester millions, the Stock Yards millions and the public utilities millions.

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Take This Chance To Help While You Can

You who read of the early Christian persecutions with indignant but impotent pity—here is an opportunity to *do* and *share* in the relief of a Christian persecution unparalleled in history.

Armenian and Syrian Relief Days October 21 and 22

These dates have been appointed by proclamation of President Wilson as National Relief Days when special gifts will be made through committees, by individuals, and especially through Churches and Sunday Schools.

Three Ways That You Can Help

1 Send your personal contribution *now.*

2 Send for Collection Boxes for your Sunday School Class, home or office.

3 Send for literature to distribute among friends and associates.

Out of two million Armenians nearly half have perished as Christian martyrs. Over one million are now in direct need for food, clothing and other necessities. A larger number of Syrians are in need. Help must come quickly.

All for the crime of being Christians, for holding fast to their Christian faith, 750,000 out of 2,000,000 Armenians have actually perished. Burned, starved, murdered, tortured to death. A Christian persecution without precedent. One million, saved from threatened extermination, are now suffering from dire want of food and clothing and other necessities of life. If you could see them—little children, women and patriarchal men, with hunger and the black memories of tortured loved ones in their eyes, you would say that twice

Five Million Dollars Are Needed

Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, says this sum must be given at once to relieve immediate necessities. American relief has so far been pitifully small. We *must* do more. To *you,* to all the Christian people of America, to the pastors and Sunday school superintendents this cry for help is directed. Every pastor should preach upon conditions in Armenia and Syria and every church in the country should plan *now* for a

Special Collection October 22

Above all, the contribution, small or large, and the active personal interest where possible, of every reader of this advertisement, is absolutely counted on. Not in your lifetime will you find a richer opportunity for *service.* Don't let it slip away. Do you need *literature* for distribution? We have it in any amount needed. Send for *Collection Boxes* for use by Sunday School Classes and individuals. And now, your *own* contribution. Help as you can, but *help.* Please do it *now.*

Address correspondence for information and supplies to

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70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send remittances in currency or checks made payable and addressed to Charles R. Crane, Treasurer of the Committee, 70 Fifth Ave., New York

"Whoso Hath the World's Goods, and Beholdeth His Brother in Need, and Shutteth Up His Compassion From Him, How Doth the Love of God abide in Him?"